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Local Telephone No. 26.
APRIL 4, 1900.

The expense of the War Department, covering the military operations in the Philippines, from May 1, 1898, until November 1, 1899, is a grand total of \$48,928,050.34. This is besides the original \$20,000,000 we paid for the islands. This is expansion with a vengeance—that is, of the pocketbook kind. But, then, it's opening a market for our products and giving us more territory to pass Puerto Rican tariff bills on, and then the money comes from the public treasury and it doesn't matter much, anyhow, for if the Government does fall behind on running expenses, we can pass a few more internal revenue bills, and pile a few more burdens on the people—we mean the people—not the men with vast incomes, for that would be "unconstitutional," you know. And, of course it's all right to spend the people's money opening up a market for our infant industries, for they have not the world's market to sell their goods in, and therefore we must get up a standing army, cross the mighty Pacific 10,000 miles away and proceed to butcher, murder, and take away the natural rights from more than 10,000,000 negroes. And, of course, the monarchies of Europe will be dividing up the "Yellow man of the Orient" in the course of a few years, and we will want to hold a hand in the game, and then the Philippines will be a stepping-stone to help make a great big steal. Then we will want our standing army increased to some four or five hundred thousand to keep those "rebel" Chinese in subjection, so we can "open up our markets," so that the farmer can have 10 cent cotton and dollar-a-bushel wheat, and incidentally so the party of reciprocity, trusts, and gold will have plenty of good fat offices to dispense to the "trooly lo'il," and then we can spend a whole lot more of the good people's money, you know. Nearly \$70,000,000 blowed in and still the "rebels" persist in fighting and won't submit. What a pile of money! We want to do something for our commerce; we have spent a pile of money on negroes, nearly enough to have builded the celebrated Nicaragua canal, but now we are like the man who was up to his neck in quagmire, the more we kick and squirm, the deeper in we get. Our mighty domain stretches from ocean to ocean, the sun never sets upon it, our ships are known in every sea, our commerce is bounded only by the end of the earth, and the scream of the eagle causes the knees of the mighty monarchs of the earth to smite together, while our riches far exceed that of the once much-famed Indies, and all the magic of Aladdin's lamp, but we can not conquer those negroes, and in the meantime the debt keeps piling up and growing day by day.

No greater calamity could have befallen the Boers than the death of General Joubert. He was to the Transvaal Republic what Stonewall Jackson was to the Confederacy. And it may not be amiss to quote in this connection the beautiful tribute paid to the worth of General Jackson as a soldier by the author of "Surry of Eagle's Nest."

The great form of Jackson has disappeared from the stage. What remains but a cold and gloomy theatre, from which the spectators have vanished, where the lights are extinguished, and darkness has settled down upon the pageant?

Other souls of fire, and valor, and unshrinking nerve were left,

and their career was glorious, but the finger of Fate seemed to mark out, with its bloody point, the name of "Chancellorsville," and the iron lips to unclose and mutter, "Thus far, no further!" With the career of this man of destiny had waned the strength of the South; when he fell, the end was in sight. Thenceforward as good fighting as the world ever saw seemed useless, and to attain no result. Even the soldier-ship of Lee—such soldier-ship as renders famous forever a race and an epoch—could achieve nothing. From the day of Chancellorsville the battleflag, torn in so many glorious encounters, seemed to shine no more in the light of victory. It drooped upon its staff, however defiantly at times it rose—slowly it descended. It fluttered for a moment amid the fiery storm of Gettysburg, in the woods of Spottsylvania, and on the banks of the Appomattox, but never again did its dazzling folds flaunt proudly in the wind and burn like a beacon light on victorious fields. It was natural that the army should connect the declining fortunes of the great flag which they had fought under with the death of him who had rendered it so illustrious. The form of Jackson had vanished from the scene; that king of battle had dropped his sword and descended into the tomb. From that moment the star of hope, like the light of victory, seemed to sink beneath ebon clouds. The hero had gone down in the bloody gulf of battle and the torrent bore us away!

"Uncle Jasper" Talbert, the Representative from South Carolina, says the Washington Post, is congratulating himself over an opportunity to get even. It wasn't long ago that some very severe things were said of him because he insisted always that a quorum should be present to pass pension bills. It was he who made the day sessions for pensions necessary, because, as "Uncle Jasper" put it, Republican members preferred to attend pink teas and poker parties to transacting business at the Capitol Friday nights. When the rule for day sessions was adopted he and Representative "Thad" Mahon, of Pennsylvania, had a tilt. Both gentlemen are addicted to violent language. Each was annoyed at the attitude of the other, and in the mutual fury "Thad" rebuked "Uncle Jasper" for demanding a quorum on pension business, and expressed his intention to get up a contest in the South Carolinian's district in the next Congress. Mr. Mahon said it would afford him great satisfaction to see the gentleman thrown out. Last Friday Mr. Mahon had his troubles. His district is on the border line between the Keystone State and Maryland. Near to his heart for many years have been the so-called border claims, which citizens there have preferred for devastation wrought by the armies when Lee started to invade the North. Long and valiantly Mr. Mahon fought in the House for the passage of a bill to adjudicate these claims. The majority was against him. First the motion to lay the bill aside with a favorable recommendation was defeated—ayes 26, noes 53. "No quorum," yelled Mr. Mahon, at which Mr. Talbert pricked up his ears. A quorum was finally counted, and a motion to lay the bill on the table was carried. Then Mr. Mahon again made a point of no quorum. "If you want to get your bills through," he exclaimed testily, "you ought to have a quorum here," almost the identical argument that Mr. Talbert had made frequently. This brought Mr. Talbert to his feet. "Now, Mr. Chairman," he said seriously, "I want to warn the gentleman that if he insists on that I shall get up a contest in his district and have him thrown out of the next House." There was uproarious laughter at this. Mr. Talbert chuckled heartily. As soon as he found an opportunity he told the joke to Speaker Henderson. He enjoyed it, too.

Yorkville correspondence of the News and Courier: It is a noticeable fact that the people of this section have begun to give more intelligent attention to the cattle business than ever before. Although this has never been what could properly be called a cattle-raising country, this county has been shipping thousands of cattle each year as far back as the oldest inhabitant can remember. During the past twenty-five years York County has probably sent something like 50,000 head of cattle to Charleston alone. But so far as cattle raising has been concerned the business has been more of a side issue than anything else. No one seemed to give the industry especial attention. The cattle that happened to grow up on the different plantations would be disposed of at so much a head to different dealers, who bought a steer here, a cow there, and a calf elsewhere. The people who raised the cattle con-

sidered each such sale as that much money found in a cow track, but still they would persistently argue that no matter how a farmer might manage he could not think of raising cattle for the market as a regular business. To-day it is different. Scattered about through the county there are as many as a hundred farmers who have been drifting more and more into the cattle business. At this time they have each from 20 to 200 head of cattle that they have been feeding through the winter with a view to getting the benefit of the high prices that usually prevail at this season of the year. They still claim that there is no money in the business, but it is quite noticeable that each one who embarks in this line is sticking to it.

The Christian Observer accords South Carolina the first place in point of statistical religion. The following note from its issue of March 21st should be most gratifying to all South Carolinians: South Carolina, according to the last report, has the honor of having a larger proportion of her people professed Christians than any other State in the union. Her percentage is forty-three, while that of Texas is twenty-nine, and that of the Dakotas is eighteen. In New York city proper, only seven per cent of the population are members of Protestant churches. Allowing about half as many for the Roman Catholics, the percentage would be about eleven. It is said that there are 1,300,000 people in New York beyond the pale of the churches altogether. These figures are a loud and alarming call to earnest evangelistic work, especially among foreign multitudes who are coming constantly to our shores. We must evangelize them, or they will paganize us.

On Friday morning Pinckney Sizemore, thirty-five years old, married, collapsed in the office of Magistrate Mauldin, Greenville, and before doctors could reach him was pronounced dead. The body was removed to his home and there a coroner's jury assembled, viewed the remains, and on the statement of the doctors rendered a verdict of death from heart failure. The funeral was set for Saturday afternoon, the grave was dug, the mourners had assembled, and the body was about to be interred, when the police appeared and ordered a postponement. After the body was taken home a test was made, which confirmed the suspicion that the man was not dead. The police had been informed by Dr. W. J. Bramlett that he did not believe Sizemore was dead, and this caused the summary action. While having the appearance of death, so far as the face was concerned, Sizemore's body was warm, and breathing could be detected by the use of a mirror at the mouth. The jaws were set and the pupils of the eyes unresponsive to light, but the joints were as supple as in life. Sizemore's family is in a most nervous state, and doctors are doing everything possible to further heart action. No burial will take place until the evidence of death has become unmistakable.

On the 27th of last January at Columbia, Tenn., a large crowd of the best people of the town and the surrounding country, through a cold drizzling rain followed to the grave the remains of a man who was known to the country only because he had been associated with others who were widely known. The man was old Bragg—not the famous general, the hero of two wars, the lion of Chickamauga—but the faithful body servant of that hero, a humble negro with black skin, but a true, faithful, honest heart. The funeral was unique, nothing like it perhaps ever having before occurred on this continent. It was conducted entirely by white people. A white preacher spoke loving and tender words over the body, white pall bearers bore it gently to the grave, and lovely white girls, the daughters of the Confederacy, brought gorgeous floral offerings and stood reverently in the chilling rain throughout the ceremonies. The veterans turned out in a body and with bare heads and sorrowful faces paid the tribute of respect and love always due from the brave to the brave.—Gaffney Ledger.

"Aaron Burr was sixty years old when he resolved once more to battle with fortune," writes William Ferrine in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "Going quietly into New York, he opened an office for the practice of law, and in a fortnight had earned two thousand dollars in fees. But hardly had he written to his daughter about his luck when there came from South Carolina the news that her beautiful boy, who had been the idol of the ambitious statesman, was dead. But there was in reserve for Burr a still heavier blow. Toward the close of the year 1812 Theodosia Allston made preparations to visit her father in New York. Passage was engaged on the schooner, 'The Patriot,' for Theodosia, her physician, and her maid, and the lovely woman was radiant with the expectation of meeting her father within the next five or six days. 'The Patriot' sailed from Charleston out into the ocean in Christmas week, and not a vestige of her was ever again seen, and it is surmised—but nothing is known as to her fate—that she foundered off the coast of Hatteras. Day after day, and long after all hope had been abandoned, there might be seen on the Battery at New

York the lonely and unhappy father, peering far down the bay as if he were scanning the sea for a sail. Of his agony Aaron Burr gave the world but little view; he had schooled himself in the habit of never exhibiting his emotions, but in one of his letters he declared that he felt as if he had been severed from the human race."

Fort Mill, S. C., April 2, 1900.
Headquarters York Co. Regt., U. C. V.
[Order No. 5.]

Dr. J. H. Thornwell, D. D., having resigned the chaplaincy of York Regiment, Rev. J. B. Mack, D. D., is hereby appointed to fill the vacancy. He will be respected accordingly.

By order of the Colonel, Saml. E. White.
W. H. STEWART,
Adjutant.

Ring Up No. 12

And at the other end of the line from your 'phone there will be awaiting your order the most complete stock of Groceries in town; in fact, there are few things for table use which you would go amiss in ordering from us. This week we are making a specialty of our high-grade Fancy Patent Flour, for which 'twould be money in your pocket to see us 'before buying. Not only do we handle everything in the way of Heavy Groceries, but we also carry in stock at all times a complete line of table luxuries—for instance, California Dessert Peaches (the finest to be found anywhere), Boston Baked Beans, best quality Columbia River Salmon, Sweet and Sour Pickles, Jellies and Preserves (all kinds), Hams, Breakfast Bacon, Canned Goods, Cakes, Crackers, choicest Cream Cheese, and the best assortment of Candles in Fort Mill. And you will also find at our place any kind of vegetable that may be obtainable at this season of the year.

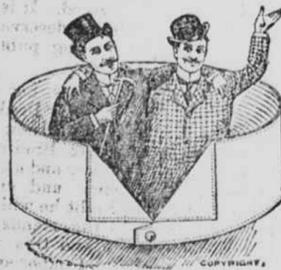
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All first-class goods at \$1.75 and \$2 VERY OLD.
Ryes from \$1.60 to \$2.25 50 and \$3 50 per gallon.
Gins from \$1.60 to \$2, and \$2 50.
Genuine Imported "Fish Gin" at \$3 per gallon.
Apple Brandy, \$2.25 per gallon.
Peach Brandy \$2 50 per gallon.
No charge for jug and box on above, and no charge at these prices for keg when wanted in such quantities.
Let us have your orders and oblige.
W. H. HOOVER.



In a good humor? Yes; and you would be, too, if your clothing were laundered by the Model Steam Laundry, Charlotte, N. C. Collars, cuffs, shirts, ladies' shirt waists, and everything else that can be washed is laundered at the Model Steam Laundry.
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Fort Mill, S. C.

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It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.
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